

## The Wedding Cake Is Ordered



"The dinner tonight is very important," said Grace to Bob, as they got into the taxi, "because Hampton will probably be more critical about it than anything else, as there is where he will be able to make an authoritative personal examination—and it must be right and just right. Of course, making our own wedding cake is out of the question, efficient as Amelia is. Mother has always done her own baking at home, so I guess I will follow Mrs. McCraney's example and give our patronage to the Progress Bakery. So let's get right down there now."

"Is the proprietor in?" Bob asked brusquely of the lady behind the counter. "One of them is in," was the answer. "I would like to see him."

"You can see her—I am one of the proprietors—Peter and Minnie Fabbri, life partners—perhaps the chief one. Anyway you can do business with me."

"Mrs. Fabbri, we are married—only this morning—and we are in an awful hurry—got to do everything at once—be in the house complete tonight—you understand. And we want a wedding cake, a grand one, in a hurry, and a lot of other bakery goods, you know. Bread and rolls, cookies, little cakes, doughnuts and so on. Shall I stop to write a check now or will you charge it?"

"Don't mention it, your credit is good."

"And please, Mrs. Fabbri, we are in a desperate hurry, but would you let us have just a little peek behind the scenes? I was never in the manufacturing part of a big, modern bakery like this."

"Come right back here. We always welcome visitors. We have nothing to conceal."

"What a cute way to make French bread," said Grace as she noticed the long boards with canvas loops between which the elliptical shaped loaves are placed before going into the oven. And look at that—what do you call it? A mixer? You can mix enough dough in that for an army, can't you? They tell me you make fully three-fourths of all the bread consumed in Tonopah and that the San Francisco and other outside bakers have a pretty slim chance."

"Well, we have to turn out about 1,000 loaves a day to feed the people of this town and as there are only six or seven thousand of them you can judge for yourself whether we are doing the business or not. We make French bread, rye bread, milk bread, graham bread, whole wheat bread, Wholesome bread, home-made bread, etc. Both Mr. Fabbri and I are practical bakers and cooks, and everything gets our personal attention. Besides, we employ four expert men bakers. We use the most sanitary and up-to-date equipment and our customers can rely upon faithful service and prompt delivery."

"What an interesting place," said Grace. "Now that I have seen it for myself and have made your acquaintance, Mrs. Fabbri, I am afraid that I shall never learn to bake bread. I'll call you up to give my order every day."

"Thanks, and our 'Vienna' store in Main street will provide your candies, chocolates, ice creams, soda water, etc. I'll have bonbons for the table tonight sent up right away."

## LEARN ABOUT "ROUGH DRY"



"I think we've got things pretty well in hand now," said Bob, "and I am going to propose that we take a little dash out to the Tonopah Laundry. It's only three miles, and a taste of the country will be good for us. You see, Mr. E. S. Masters, the manager, is an old friend of mine."

"Why on earth did they ever locate a laundry three miles from the city?" asked Grace between bumps.

"On account of the water. It's the only good well water anywhere near Tonopah and the only soft water in the nearby region. A prospector located the spot years ago, and when the Tonopah rush began every drop of water used in the town had to be hauled from these laundry wells."

Mr. and Mrs. Masters gave the young couple a very cordial welcome, a welcome heightened by the fact that they are themselves a bridal couple. Grace was particularly delighted with the charming modern bungalow in which the Masters reside.

All four made a tour of the works, observing first the oil fuel storage, the engine, the wells, the comfortable living quarters, well-laid, all-white help, and then Mr. Masters told them that the wells were only fifty feet deep, that the water came within 20 feet of the top and that even in the driest seasons it did not go down more than ten feet. "It's snow water," he explained, "which sinks into the ground in the mountains and then flows impervious strata till it comes to the place where the wells tap it."

"What is that thing?" asked Grace, pointing to a cylindrical affair.

"That is one of the tubs, as you would call it. The clothes are placed in it and washed, not by means of a washboard as you would at home or with a tamper as a Chinaman does, but by the simple process of turning the cylinder back and forth, three times one way and three times the other. That drives the soap through the fabrics without injurious friction. In these cylinders the clothes are given two boilings in suits of twenty-five minutes each, and have besides four more fresh waters, making six waters for each batch. No disease germ can stand more than twenty minutes of boiling water. That is why, primarily, our laundry is sanitary. Compare that process with the ordinary Chinese laundry, where the same water is used over and over again in unclean hovels where the workmen themselves eat, live and sleep. See this sixth water? It is crystal clear."

Grace was surprised at the wringer, which isn't a wringer at all, but is simply a big upright cylinder with holes in it. This cylinder is turned so fast by machinery that the water is all driven out of the clothes by centrifugal force and through the holes. The home-made soft soap, absolutely without acid admixtures, the drying room, where half an hour does the work of a day in the sun, the big ironing machine that irons all but the delicate fabrics, four times on one side and one on the other, the hand boards for delicate fabrics, the scrupulous cleanliness, order and efficiency everywhere; the smiling faces of the young women workers—all those things and many more interested Bob and Grace immensely. And then they learned with amazement that all this sanitary, modern service, with its quickness of work, reliability and promptness of delivery, has not only given Tonopah better laundry facilities, but also cheaper than the old, dirty, unsanitary, hit-and-miss methods of four thousand years ago.

"In a town like Tonopah, where so many women have to do their own housework," said Bob, "there is no excuse for any man to let his wife kill herself over a wash tub. If anybody is to be killed let Masters be the goat."

"And here," said Masters, "is the particular way in which we can help the housewife. Consider our 'rough dry' proposition at 60 cents per dozen. This includes one spread, two sheets, one tablecover, underwear, ladies' clothes—in fact, everything except starched shirts, lace curtains and silks. All the flat work is finished and the rest is delivered ready for home ironing. In addition we will take towels, napkins and rags, as a separate consignment and handle them at 24 cents a dozen."

"Isn't that great!" exclaimed Grace. "I am so glad I came out here. No laundry worries for me, and after all I have seen I shall never find fault with a good laundryman again if some little thing doesn't go just right. I don't see how the dirty laundries can compete for a minute."

## LUNCH AT THE MIZPAH GRILL



It was late when Grace and Bob stepped into the restful coolness of the hospitable Mizpah Grill and sank gratefully into the chairs which Eugene Hinkel pulled out for them with an air of welcoming a royal couple.

"I am hungry enough to eat hay," said Grace.

"You will get things here," answered Bob, "that would make you eat marvelously without hunger. The Hinkels are masters in their line. They know how to cook, garnish and serve. See how spotlessly clean everything is?"

"Our only excuse for being here," said Mr. Hinkel, "is to maintain the best restaurant in Tonopah, and if we fail at that we are utter failures."

Grace and Bob enjoyed the luxury of taking a little time to examine the menu and choose their dishes. The 50-cent table d'hôte luncheon gave them an amazing variety to choose from. Among other things it provided a soup, three relishes, three entrees, a cheese omelette, potato salad, two kinds of cold meat, two vegetables, two desserts, cheese and four kinds of drinks. Even as hungry as our young friends were, it was difficult to choose among so many good things. They finally agreed on vegetable soup, fricassee of lamb with green peas, deviled ham on toast, potato salad, vegetables, pear pie, cheese and coffee.

While the bride and groom were refreshing themselves, Mr. Hinkel made some inquiries about the dinner that was to crown the day's activities and offered some suggestions. Grace felt complimented when he gave his approval of chicken as the entree and roast beef as the piece de resistance.

"As to the roast," said Mr. Hinkel, "here is a pointer. Don't put water in the pan at the start. Let it cook dry for awhile. Otherwise you get a soggy, greasy roast, whereas you want one crisp on the outside and juicy within."

Grace was emboldened by this advice to ask Mr. Hinkel if he could find time to step up to the house while they were completing their errands and check up the maids and give them any instructions the circumstances might require.

"I shall be especially pleased to on this occasion," said Mr. Hinkel, "but I don't want you to forget that catering to dinner parties, banquets, receptions, balls, etc., is one of our specialties. As a general thing we prefer to have people give their dinners right here in our dining room, but on occasion we are prepared to take entire charge of anything in the way of catering anywhere."

"I am so glad to know that," said Grace. "It is so hard to get help in Tonopah and I think that—as I will have to send Mamma's maids right back to her after today—I shall arrange to have you look after our post-nuptial entertaining. We'll have the big dinners here and the little ones at the house."

"It's a pleasure to count you among our friends," said Bob as they arose to go.

## PERSONAL OUTFITTING MADE EASY AT HUNT'S



"Having outfitted the house," said Bob, as Mr. Dresser bowed them out of his big store and Hiram called to them to hurry up, "I think we had better look after our personal outfits."

"Time is money with us just now, and what we want is a first-class store where we can get our things at once. Now, let me think. Why, Hunt's is the place, of course. They keep personal furnishings for both men and women, also shoes for both, and ready-to-wear attire as well for women. As the tailor is making your clothes, we can get pretty nearly everything we want at Hunt's. And then they have such a nice management there. You know, Mr. and Mrs. Klinger run the Tonopah store for Mr. Hunt, who resides in Goldfield himself, and they are such nice people. They just seem to know what you want and ought to have better taste than you do yourself. I think Mr. Klinger is just a dear, and I am sure you will like Mrs. Klinger. I hope we shall be in the same social circle with them."

Like all happy married people Mr. and Mrs. Klinger were delighted over the latest marriage and simply dropped everything else to take care of the bride and groom.

While Grace had not intended to purchase much but a few knick knacks until after the honeymoon, she couldn't resist at least one dashing sports skirt, a most tempting gray tailored suit, and (thinking of Hampton's critical gaze at dinner) a party gown that would do fitting honor to the occasion. Also she decided on a pair of Queen Quality ordinary shoes, one pair of white and black novelty shoes and one pair of "sneakers." When it came to corsets Bob was blushing all over like the great boy he was as he learned the difference between a Gossard and a C.B. Both of them indulged in some hosiery—Phoenix silk for Grace and Wonder and Onyx for Bob.

"Bob, take notice of the prices," said Grace enthusiastically. "I don't see what chance the mail order houses and outside merchants have with Hunt's."

"Except for the curious human desire to patronize the distant dealer they wouldn't have a chance," said Mrs. Klinger.

"Take the Nettleton shoe, for example," said Mr. Klinger, "you can buy that same quality among American shoes for less here than anywhere else I know of."

"It's the same way with hats. You can buy the most costly Stetson beaver hat cheaper here than in Salt Lake City or Denver, simply because there is a big market here for such high-grade goods. Why, we sold two dozen \$15 Stetsons this season. And yet you will hear some of the merchants complaining that Tonopah is not a good business city. That reminds me of the saying that if you will look after your push your pull will take care of itself."

"Shirts, too. The average Tonopah man wants an article of the highest quality and he gets it for as little if not less money than he would in the swiftest togethery shops in New York. And you can't find anything better than our Manhattan and Victor shirts. We also keep the best in neckwear—Wilson's and Kayser's."

When Grace began to investigate crepe de chine lingerie Bob became interested in neckties, shoes, shirts, collars, pajamas and such like. They came together again at the linen counter, where Mrs. Klinger hastily made up a schedule of table cloths, napkins, bed sheets, pillow cases, etc., and even added some curtain goods. Grace bought one of those fascinating colored parasols on which Hunt's are making a special run just now in their great July Clearance Sale and would doubtless have been buying yet if Hiram Bilyeu had not come in to insist on immediate departure if they intended to comply with Bob's promise to Mr. Masters to visit the Tonopah Laundry during the day.

The happy pair, flushed with satisfaction, reluctantly left the most complete store of its size and kind they had ever patronized.

## Meat Supply Problem is Quickly Solved



"Now, Grace," said Bob, "men think a whole lot more about the meat courses in a dinner than women do. So for that reason, having in mind tonight's dinner, and also because of our regular supply, we must be very careful about our market."

"Well, Bob, Mamma has always patronized the Tonopah and Goldfield Market and I have heard her say over and over again that neither when she lived in New York nor in San Francisco did she obtain meats that averaged so high in quality. Mamma once asked Manager Thomas of the T. & G. why this was so and he explained to her that the meat animals raised and fed on the bunch grass of the high Nevada ranges are the best for meat of any in the world. You see the T. & G. people use only home raised and killed meats. They do their own slaughtering and curing and they can guarantee their products personally."

"Mr. Thomas," said Bob, as the stalwart manager of the Market shook his hand in congratulation and looked him square in the eye after his frank fashion, "the little lady here has been singing the praises of the T. & G. so strong that there was nothing to it but for me to come in and place the order for meats for tonight."

"All right, Bob, and if you will let me do the suggesting I would say some of these tender Fallon broilers—just in this morning—for the entree and a juicy roast of Nevada highland beef for the regular meat course. You can't beat them."

That being settled, Mr. Thomas took his young friends around the market, devoting particular attention to the big cold storage room, which is always kept at a dry, cold temperature of about 35 to 40 by means of the condensed ammonia process, which takes the moisture out of the air, instead of putting it in as ice does, thus keeping the meat firm and solid and getting rid of dirt and slop.

"Considering the expensive conditions under which we operate and the exceptional quality of our meats you will find our prices surprisingly low. Our help gets about twice as much as meat market help in the coast cities and 50 per cent more than in Reno, yet we give as sanitary and modern service as you can get anywhere for only a few cents more than you would pay in Reno and much less than you would now pay in eastern cities. Our greatest difficulty, of course, is in getting veal, but we do get it and get it right."

"Our beef animals are leisurely driven from their ranges to Goldfield, about sixty miles, as required. Thus the animals are in prime condition and in the surroundings they are used to when the time comes to convert them into meat."

"Now, Mr. Thomas, can I always count on you for the best in the shop if I telephone?"

"Our telephone trade is our special honor trade. If it isn't right send it back. We won't feel sore. And we pride ourselves on promptness of delivery and almost absolute guiltlessness of mistakes."

"Isn't it grand to have such a place to trade at and such a gentleman to deal with?" exclaimed Grace to Bob as they hurried out of the store in response to energetic signals from Hiram.

## A FIND IN FURNITURE FOR THE NEW HOME



As they arose from lunch Bob suggested that, as the papering would be done by this time, it was important that the furniture be chosen and rushed to the new home.

"Let's jump into the taxi and go up and get a dresser from Dresser."

"Oh dear, Bob, have I married into that sort of alleged wit?"

"Welcome to the greatest home outfitting establishment in Tonopah," was the way Mr. Dresser greeted them. "But you should have called earlier. My job is the biggest one of the lot and takes time."

"But we had to have some paper put on," said Grace, "and we didn't want our nice things all slopped up with paste."

"Well, I'll do the best I can—fortunately you have come to a house that always has a big stock on hand. Now—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Dresser," interrupted Grace, "but Mrs. Erickson told me she bought an Axminster rug of you for \$25.50 just like one she paid \$35 for in San Francisco. Is it possible?"

"It is; and, moreover, my French Wiltons retail in Tonopah today for the same money they are wholesaling for in Chicago. Same with linoleum. My friends say this is the outcome of good buying. I say it is luck in a top-heavy, war-crazy world. Why, I can sell you the best Al silk-floss American mattress for \$10."

"Now, if your house consists of a hall, living room and parlor combined, dining room, kitchen, bathroom and two bedrooms, I have a schedule all made out here that will just fit your requirements."

"How fortunate," said Grace. "That is just what we have."

"Then, here you are:

"One bedroom: Simmons brass bed, Leggett spring—a bed not a hammock—Al silk floss domestic mattress, fine woolen blanket, down comfort (only \$7.50), down pillows, bolster; Smith Axminster rug, bird's eye maple dresser, Princess chiffonier of same, dressing table, chair and rocker."

"Another bedroom: Circassian walnut bed, dresser and chiffonier, American Wonder spring, made by American Bed company, St. Louis; imported, Java, silk-floss mattress, bedding same as on other bed, Bigelow body Brussels rug, mahogany chair and rocker."

"Dining room: Fumed oak extension table and leather dining chairs to match, also buffet and china closet; fumed oak duofold leather couch, collapsible serving table. Of course, you will have one of our White rotary sewing machines and you will have to keep that and the machine rocker in the dining room."

"Parlor and living room: Here you will have, of course, the Ta-bed combination library table and collapsible bed. Then we will put in there one of our fumed oak Conway pianos and stool, handsome easy leather chairs, French Wilton rug."

"In the kitchen you will, of course, have one of those wonder Hoosier kitchen cabinets, which put the stem in system, Wild's linoleum on the floor, an automatic desert cooler instead of a refrigerator—it's better than ice—a Kitchen Queen table (the kind with flour and sugar bins, etc., underneath), and a couple of plain chairs. Among other things I had better put in will be window shades, lace curtains and Kirsch extension roads, porch shades and hammock, linoleum, rugs for bathroom and carpet sweeper. And now, my dear Grace, following my usual custom in dealing with brides, I will make you a present of this beautiful 3x6 Axminster rug."

"We are very grateful to you, Mr. Dresser," said Grace, almost flinging her arms around him, "and quite as much for the systematic manner in which you have helped us as for this beautiful present."

"Never mind expressing your gratitude now. It will be enough for me if you will diligently pass the word around that people do not need to buy at home only when they are in haste. We can compete with anything in the mail order line or with the big city stores in price, quality and quantity. It has cost many a man of Tonopah his railway fare and other expenses to the coast to find this out, but you are learning it from me free."